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NIGHT SCENE IN A POOR MAN'S HOUSE.

It was in the middle of Winter, on the night of the twenty-third of January, when the weather was miserably cold, it neither decidedly froze, nor yet did it thaw; but between the two, it was cold and damp, and penetrated to the very bones even of those who sat in carpeted rooms before large fires, and were warmly clad. It was on this evening that the seven little children of David Baird, the weaver, stood huddled together in their small room, besides a small fire which was a wooden cradle on one corner of the hearth. The fire, to be sure gave some warmth, because it had boiled an iron pot of potatoes, but it gave very little cheeriness to the room. The mother had portioned out the evening meal—a few potatoes to each—and she now sat down by the round table lighted the farthing candle, and was preparing to do some little piece of home wifery.

"May I stir the fire?" asked David the eldest boy. "No, no," replied the mother, "it burns away too fast if it is stirred." "I wish we had a good fire!" said Judith, the second girl. "Bless me!" said the mother, "it is a good fire!" "I should like some more salt on my potatoes," said little Bessy, "may I have some mother?" "There is none child," she replied, "I put the last in the pot." "Oh dear!" cried out little Lucy, "my feet are so bad. They get no better, mother, though I did beat them with holly." "Poor thing," sighed the mother, "I wish you had better shoes." "There is a pair," said Joey, briskly, "at Timmy Nixon's for fourteen pence." "Fourteen pence!" repeated the mother, "it would take a long time to get fourteen pence." "Mat Willis begged a pair of nice warm boots," replied Joey, experimentally. "We will not beg," said the mother, "if we can help it; but let me see the shoes; and Joey put up one of his miserably frost bitten feet upon his mother's knee. "Bless thee! my poor lad," said his mother, "thou shalt not go to work again till it is warmer." "Mother," interrupted little Susan, "may I have some more?" "There is no more!" said the mother, "but I have a whole lot yet." "Oh dear! oh dear! how nice!" cried the children, clapping their hands, "and give Joey the bottom crust," said one "because of his poor feet." "And give me a big bit," cried Susan, holding out a fat little hand.

The mother divided the loaf—setting aside a piece for her husband; and presently the husband came. "It rains, and is very cold," said he, shivering. "Please God," rejoined the wife, "it will be warmer after the rain."

David Baird was a tall, thin man, with an uneasy look: not that he had any fresh cause for uneasiness, his wages had not been lowered, his hours of work had not been increased, nor had he quarrelled with his master. But the life of a poor man is an uneasy life: a life of care, weariness, and never ending anxieties. What wonder, then, if his face have a joyless look?

The children made room for their father by the fire. Susan and Neddy placed themselves between his knees, and his wife handed him a portion of a supper which had been set aside for him. May, the eldest girl, was sitting on a box feeding a squirrel with the bread which her mother had given. She was very happy, and kissed the squirrel many times. Judith was sitting beside her, and David held the cup out of which the squirrel drank.

"Nobody has inquired after that squirrel," said the father, looking at them. "No," replied Mary, "and I hope nobody will." "They will not now," said the younger David, "for it is three months since we found it." "We might sell it for half a crown," said the father.

Mary looked frightened, and held the squirrel to her bosom. "Joey's feet are very bad," remarked the mother. "And that doctor's bill has never been paid," said the father, seventeen shillings and sixpence. "It is more money than we get a week," sighed the mother. "I go round by the back lane, to avoid passing the door," said the father, "and he has asked me for it three times." "We will get it paid in the summer," rejoined the mother, hopefully; "but coals are raised, and bread, they say, will rise before a week." "Lord help us!" sighed David Baird, and two of the children coughed. "Those children's coughs are no better," remarked the father somewhat impatiently. And then the baby awoke—and so did little Bessy, who had fallen asleep on the floor unobserved, crying, "I am so cold, mother I am so cold!" "Go to bed with her Mary," said her mother, "because you were up betimes this morning, washing—put your clothes on the bed and keep warm." Mary went into the little

dark chamber to bed with her sister, and her mother tried to hush the crying infant. David was cold, hungry, and weary, and in gloom. Eight children, whom he loved, were about him, but he thought of them as born to poverty, uneasiness, and care, like himself; he felt unhappy, and grew almost angry.

Cheer up David—honest man! there is that coming even now: coming within three streets length of thee; which shall raise thee above want forever! Cheer up! this is the last hour any of you shall want for fire, the last hour you shall want for candle light. 'Thou shalt keep the squirrel, Mary! Bessy, thou shalt have blankets to warm thee! The doctor's bill shall be paid—nor, David Baird, shalt thou ever again skulk by back ways to thy work to avoid an importunate creditor! Joey, thou shalt turn the wheel no longer, thy feet shall get well in wollen stockings, and warm shoes at five shillings the pair! You shall no more want salt to your potatoes, nor shall Susan again go short of her supper! But of all this, as yet, you know nothing, good people: and there you sit, hopeless and comfortless, and know nothing about the relief: and splendid relief too; that, even now, is approaching your door. Wait, little boy, and thou wilt nurse thy poor unglung feet, Joey, by the fire; and muse in sadness on thy poverty. David Baird, yet a few moments longer; it can do you no harm, for the good news is, even now, turning the corner of your streets!

Knock! knock! knock!—David started from his reverie.

"Some one is at the door!" said the wife; and up jumped little David. "It is a neighbor wood come to borrow meal, you can get her a cup full," added the mother, as the knock was repeated more hastily.

Up rose David Baird, and, thinking of the apothecary's bill, opened the door reluctantly.

"Are you David Baird?" asked the letter carrier, who had knocked. I am, said David. This, then, is for you; and there are twenty-two pence to pay on it, said the man, holding forth a large letter. Is it a summons? cried the wife, in dismay; for what, is David Baird summoned? and she rushed to the door with the baby in her arms. It is no summons, replied the man, but a money letter. Take it. It is not for me, said David, half glad to escape his liability to pay the two-and-twenty pence. But are you not David Baird, the weaver? I am, said David. Then, continued the letter carrier, pay me 22 pence, and if it is not right, they will return you the money at the post-office. Twenty-two pence! repeated David, ashamed to confess his poverty. One shilling and ten pence, said the wife, we have not so much money by us, good man. Light a candle, said the letter carrier, bustling into the house, and hunt up what you have. David was pushed to an extremity. We have none—we have not money to buy a candle! Lord bless me! said the letter carrier, and gave David the younger four pence, to fetch half a pound of candles.

David and his wife knew not what to think—and the letter man shook the wet from his hat.

In a few moments the candles came, and the letter was put into David's hands. Open it! can't you? said the letter man. Is it for me? inquired David again. Is, replied the other, impatiently—what a fuss is here about opening a letter! What is this? exclaimed David, taking out a bill for one hundred pounds. Oh! sighed the wife, if after all, it should not be for us! but read the letter, David, and David read it.

Sir—You, David Baird, weaver of— and son of the late David Baird, of Marden-on-Wear, lined descendant of Sir David Baird, of Monkshatten Castle, county of York, and sole heir of Sir Prier Baird, Monkshatten aforesaid, lately deceased, are requested to meet Mr. Dennis at York, as soon after the receipt of this as possible. It will be necessary for you to bring your family with you; & to cover travelling and other expenses, you will receive enclosed a bill for one hundred pounds, payable at sight.

I have the honor to be, sir, your humble servant,

J. SMITH, for Mr. Dennis.

Sure enough! said David, David Baird of Marden-on-Wear, was my father. Oh! oh! oh! chuckled out little David, as he hopped about behind the group, a hundred pounds and a castle! Heaven be praised! ejaculated the wife, while she hugged the infant in her arms. And continued David, the great Sir David Baird was our ancestor, but we never looked for any thing from that quarter. Then the letter in for you? asked the man. It is, please heaven to make us thankful for it, said David, seriously, but, hesitated he, you want the money. I do, said the letter carrier; but, no matter, I'll call for that to-morrow. Bolt the door, wife, said

David, as she shut the door after the man; this money requires our safe keeping.—Mend the fire! said the mother; and her son David put on a shovel full of coal, & stirred out the ashes. Kiss me, my children, exclaimed the father, with emotion, and bless God that we shall never want bread again. Is the house on fire? screamed Mary, at the top of the stairs, for there is such a blaze! We are burning a mould candle! said Judith, and have such a big fire! Come here Mary, said the father; and Mary slid down stairs, wrapped in a old cloak. Father's a rich man—we are all rich—and shall live in a grand castle! laughed out young David. We shall have coats, and blankets, and stockings, and shoes! cried Joey, all alert—yet still remembering his poor frost-bitten feet. We shall have roast beef and plum pudding! said Susan. We shall have rice pudding every day, cried Ned. And let me have a horse, father, said young David.

David Baird was again distracted, but how different were his feelings!

He could have done a thousand extravagant things—he could have laughed, cried, sung, leaped about, nay, rolled on the floor for joy—but he did none of these; he sat calm, and looked almost grave. At length he said, Wife, send the children to bed, and let us talk over this good fortune together. You shall all have your Sunday clothes to-morrow, said the happy mother, as she sent them up stairs.

To bed they went;—while laughed and talked themselves to sleep. The father and mother smiled and wept by turns, but did not sleep that night.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

The following description of the person of General Washington, and the observations respecting him, are contained in the work of that distinguished friend of America, Abbe Robin, who came over to this country in the capacity of one of the chaplains to the French army, in the year 1781, previous to the capture of the British under the command of General Cornwallis:

"I have seen General Washington that most singular man—the soul and the support of one of the greatest Revolutions that has ever happened; or can happen again. I fixed my eye upon him with that keen attention which the sight of a great man always inspires. We naturally entertain a secret hope of discovering in the features of such illustrious men, some traces of that excellent genius which distinguishes them from, and elevates them above their fellow mortals. Perhaps the exterior of no man was better calculated to gratify these expectations than that of General Washington. He is of a tall and noble stature, well proportioned, a fine, cheerful, open countenance, a simple and modest carriage; and his whole mien has something in it that interests the French, the Americans, and even enemies themselves, in his favor. Placed in a military view, at the head of a nation, where each individual has a share in the supreme legislative authority, and where the coercive laws are yet in a great degree destitute of vigour, where the climate and manners can add but little to their energy, where the spirit of party, private interest, slowness, and national indolence slacken, suspend and overthrow the best concerted measures; although so situated, he has found out a method of keeping his troops in the most absolute subordination: making them rivals in praising him; fearing him even when he is silent, and retaining their full confidence in him, after defeats and disgrace. His reputation has, at length, arisen to a most unbounded power, without provoking envy, or exciting suspicion. He has ever shown himself superior to fortune, and in the most trying adversity has discovered resources till then unknown; and, as if his abilities only increased and dilated at the prospect of difficulty, he is never better supplied than when he seems destitute of every thing, nor have his arms ever been so fatal to his enemies, as at the very instant when they had thought they had crushed him forever.

It is his to excite a spirit of heroism and enthusiasm in a people, who are by nature very little susceptible of it; to gain over the respect and homage of those whose interest it is to refuse it, and to execute his plans and projects by means unknown even to those who are his instruments; he is intrepid in dangers, yet never seeks them but when the good of his country demands it, preferring rather to temporize and act upon the defensive, because he knows such a mode of conduct best suits the genius and circumstances of the nation, and that all he and they have to expect, depends upon time; fortune, and patience: he is frugal in regard to himself, but profuse in the public cause;—like Peter the great, he has by defeats conducted his army to victory; and like Fabius, but with fewer

resources and more difficulty, he has conquered without fighting, and saved his country.

Such are the ideas that arise in the mind, in the sight of this great man, in examining the events in which he had a share, or in listening to those whose duty obliges them to be near his person, and consequently can best display his true character. In all these extensive States, they consider him in the light of a beneficent God, dispensing peace and happiness around him. Old men, women and children, press about him when he accidentally passes along, think themselves happy, once in their lives, to have seen him—they follow him through the town with torches and celebrate his arrival by public illuminations. The Americans, that cool and sedate people, who in the midst of their most trying difficulties, have attended only to the directions and impulses of plain method and common reason, are roused, animated and inflamed at the very mention of his name; and first songs that sentiment or gratitude has dictated, have been to celebrate General Washington."

INDEPENDENCE AND ECONOMY.

Independence and Economy, are more intimately connected than people generally seem willing to admit. The man who can "cut his coat according to his cloth"—who can satisfy his appetite with cheap, though at the same time nourishing diet—has little dread of overtrading, suspensions, or the thousand other evils to which he who has not power of self-control is constantly exposed. What though such a man may have "been accustomed all his days to the solids and the delicacies of roast beef and plum pudding," he can dispense with them at any time they are found to disagree with his finances; and it is far better to have even the pudding alone—say, and without the plums, too—than to go to bed in debt for a sumptuous dinner. No matter how honest a man may be, how pure soever intentions, the moment he becomes involved in debt, that moment he sacrifices his real independence—he ceases to entertain that don't-care-a-straw-for-trouble kind of feeling, which can buoy up his spirits to endure every privation, and pilot him safely into the heaven of contentment. The frugal Franklin furnishes a notable example of that independence which economical habits can achieve for their possessor. We have an anecdote in point—it will perhaps be new to most of our readers, if it be not, it is among those things which will bear repeating. Did it possess no other quality, the wholesome lesson it teaches cannot be too frequently given:

The day previous to the revolution, while walking in the streets of Philadelphia, he was thus abruptly "brought to" by a jolly son of Neptune—

"I say, shipmate, is your name Ben Franklin?" "Yes." "Are you the man that invented the saw dust pudding?" "Yes." "Then for God's sake don't learn old E—our owner, how to make it, for he'll feed all his crews on nothing else."

The story of the saw-dust-pudding, after dictum, wheat-bran pudding was originated somewhat after this fashion:—Franklin conducted an independent paper in Philadelphia, which had given offence to a certain class that wanted to rule every body their own way, and the leaders of this party, (some fifteen or twenty,) informed him that he would be frowned down unless he submitted to their curb. He proposed to explain, and fixed the time at his own house, where the gentle men were invited to dine. On the day appointed, he requested Mrs. F. to employ two pence in the purchase of a peck of wheat bran, and to make two puddings one for each end of the table, as he was to have fifteen or twenty friends to dine with him. When the company met, the puddings were served on the table without any other dishes; and, having been seated, each person was helped to his slice. Their curiosity led them to try it; they examined each others countenances, and were soon satiated with their fare.

"Friends, will you be helped to more?" inquired the host.

"No no," exclaimed they all, as with one voice, "we have had enough. But what means all this?"

"Why, it means to tell you," replied the philosopher, "that these two puddings cost two pence; and then, that as long as Benjamin Franklin can satisfy fifteen friends with two pence, he never will sacrifice the independence of his paper."

An Excellent Thought.—The Wheeling times suggests that Mr. Van Buren can only fulfil his pledge of following in the footsteps of his predecessor, by taking the back track, and crawling out at the same hole the General went in.

Affliction is at best a deformity.

Beauty.—The following is an extract from Dr. Howie's Address before the Boston Phrenological Society, and contains a beautiful idea, on a beautiful subject, beautifully expressed:

"Most heartily do I agree with the sage with a sigh—Well philosophers, may argue, and plain men may fret; but beauty will find its way to the human heart." And it should be so, for so is the Creator wisely and kindly ordained it. He has vouchsafed to man the faculty of perceiving beauty. He hath made the perception a source of delight to him, and he hath filled the earth, the sea, and the skies, with bright and beautiful objects, which he may contemplate and admire. Else, why is the earth, and every thing upon it, so varied of form, so full of beauty of outline? Why are not the hills, the rocks, the trees, all square? Why runneth not the river canalike to the ocean? Why is not the grass black? Why cometh the green bud, the white blossom, the golden fruit, and the yellow leaf? Why is not the firmament of a laden changeless hue? Why hang not the clouds like sponges in the sky? Why the bright tints of morning, the splendour of noon, the gorgeous hues of sunset? Why, in a word, does the great firmament, like an ever-turning kaleidoscope, at every revolving hour present to man a new and beautiful picture in the skies? I care not that I shall be answered that these and all other beauties, whether of sight and sound, are the results of arrangements for other ends. I care not, for it is enough for me that a benevolent God hath so constituted us as to enable us to derive pleasure and benefit from them; and by so doing, he hath made it incumbent upon us to draw from so abundant a source."

"Solitary and Alone!"—The Chief of Humbuggers sometimes finds his peculiar doctrine in regard to hard money a very uncomfortable one. A few days since, being about to take his departure for Washington or some other place, with his family, he went on board the Loyal Hannan, one of the Ohio steam-boats, to secure his passage. The Captain knew his man; and when the Humbugger proffered the passage money in Illinois paper, he demurred. He could not think of taking any thing but gold and silver. The expunger looked as black as thunder gust at this application of his own doctrine to his particular case; but, finally, he was constrained to put off in search of his "yellow boys." Some time was spent by this notable statesman in trying to "raise the wind"—in which attempt he was successful. Forthwith did he go to the wharf, but again he was doomed to disappointment, as the shrewd Captain had, in the mean time, got up steam and put out—leaving the Humbugger to "punch the quilt" "the bag to hold," and with ill leisure to drive a more successful bargain with the captain of some other craft. St. Louis Republican.

Anecdote of the Times.—A reverend clergyman in Massachusetts, conversing with the postmaster of the town in which he lives, on the subject of the species of mail put forth by the postmaster general, remarked that he was always willing and desirous to fulfil every practicable duty required of him by the constituted authorities; but that, as to the specie, if he were enjoined to pay it, being out of his pocket, he should not take his letters from the office, and the postmaster might send them to Washington, if he pleased, to be opened and read there; adding that they were generally of a religious character, he hoped they would do some good to the readers. N. York Com. Adver.

Cause and Effect.—One fact, mentioned by Mr. Webster in his speech at Wheeling, is especially worthy of calm and deep reflection of the American people. The charter of the first Bank of the United States expired in 1811, and, in a single year, specie payments were suspended throughout the country. The charter of the late United States Bank expired in 1836, and again, in a single year, specie payments have been suspended throughout the country.

Official.—The secretary of the treasury announces that the receipt of gold for the month of April fell short of two millions, while the expenditures amount to nearly four millions. And what a state of things is this! six months after Martin Van Buren sits in the presidential chair! The receipting short of the expenditures!—a better proof do the people want, of overtrading, but of misgovernment, than Vermont Watchman.

"My dear," said a lady to a friend, "what is the matter with your nose?" "She's got the rebellious liver," said a somewhat common disorder.

THE MANDAMUS CASE

From the National Intelligencer.
The *Mandamus* issued by the Circuit Court for the District of Columbia, to the Postmaster General, directed him to give particular credits, which by an act of Congress he is ordered to give, to certain private individuals who appealed to Congress for justice which they considered to be withheld from them. That *Mandamus*, after two weeks' cogitation and consultation, the Postmaster General has refused to obey, in a paper presented to the Court on Saturday last, backed by an opinion of the Attorney General sustaining the Postmaster General in his course. These papers are of great length, and, in the impracticability of publishing them at large, a synopsis of them has been furnished by our reporter, and will be found in another part of to-day's paper, in which the substance of the grounds of the Court is believed to be faithfully stated.

With this question, as a question of law, we profess not to meddle. It is now under argument before the Court; and, whatever may be the decision upon it in that forum, will doubtless be carried for ultimate decision to the highest tribunal known to our laws, in whose decision we are all bound to acquiesce.

Without, however, touching the merits of this particular question, we hazard nothing in saying, that, in the pretensions put forth in the argument of the Postmaster General, we have the elements of a contest between the Executive and Judicial authorities of this Government, in which if the Executive triumph, there is no longer any law to the land for the protection of the rights of individuals against the wrongs of any Executive officers whatever, including in that denomination all persons holding office at the pleasure of the Executive. If, indeed, the doctrines maintained on this occasion be sustained, the approbation or consent of the President of the United States is a dispensation to all who hold office under him to commit any crime whatever, with absolute impunity. This, and no less, is the amount of the Postmaster General's argument (against the power of the Court) that the President of the United States can at any time "strike dead" the process in the hands of the Marshall, by removing him from office!—Thank God, fellow-citizens, that the zeal of this advocate for Executive supremacy has misled him as to the effect of the Executive power in this case, and that we are not yet slaves of arbitrary power! Courts would be idle pageants, did they not possess power, independent of the Executive authority, to enforce their legal judgments.

Alarming as they are, however, these doctrines are not yet entirely new. We can find their relatives in various public documents issued by Executive authority under the late Administration. The essence of the whole of them is to be found in the doctrine that the President of the United States, under the phraseology of the power to "take care that the laws of the United States be faithfully executed," is invested with a power paramount to all law; that he is, in other words, bound, by his oath of office, to execute the laws only as he understands them.

The argument of the Postmaster General, upon the composition of which great pains have evidently been bestowed, professes, at the close of it, to intend not the slightest disrespect to the Court. In this, we dare say, the author believes himself to speak the truth. His Address, however, it is obvious, was not intended for the Court, because matter is kneaded into it which could only be introduced with a purpose entirely different from that of an appeal to the intelligence of that body. In what else, for example, but an electioneering handbill, could such an appeal as the following to ignorance and vulgar prejudice find a place?

Extract from Mr. Kendall's Letter.
"It cannot be forgotten that the power now asserted has been slumbering from the birth of the Constitution, &c."
Why did not the Bank of the United States, instead of agitating the country, and thundering in the Capitol, apply to this Court for its *Mandamus* to compel the Secretary of the Treasury to restore the public deposits which it was alleged had been removed from it in contempt of law and in violation of the Constitution? Have none of these occasions been sufficient to rouse this giant power enduring slumber?"

Signs in Kentucky.—The Louisville Journal says, "My Phelps and Judge Trimble, the two V. B. candidates for Congress in Col. Johnston's District, both avow themselves in favor of a National Bank. Mr. Vannatter, the V. B. candidate in Mr. Calhoun's District, makes a similar avowal. We are not aware that there is a single V. B. candidate in Kentucky, who does not adore the Bank as indispensable. What a scene upon the whole course of the party during the last seven years!"

Important Chemical Discovery.—A chemical compound has recently been discovered in France which will entirely remove any kind of ink from paper, without leaving the slightest mark which might lead to the suspicion of fraud.

MEXICO.

Correspondence of the National Intelligencer.

[The letter from which the following extracts are taken is from a source entirely to be relied upon, and to which we hope our readers will be indebted hereafter for occasional useful information.]

New Orleans, June 12.

With respect to movements in Mexico, there appears to be no doubt that the release of Santa Anna, in a manner so singular, and his mysterious visit to Washington, caused a suspension of all military operations against Texas. I have it from credible Mexicans that the dominant party was completely puzzled by that move. The plan of the campaign was deranged; the land forces had been waiting at Metamoras for the fitting out of their little flotilla, and the object was to make a combined attack by sea and by land, and thereby cut off all supplies from New Orleans. The Mexican Administration, it is supposed, will do every thing to satisfy our Government. But depend upon it, the same obstinacy and rancor which kept up the long struggle against Spain will exhibit themselves in maintaining the integrity of the Mexican territory. On this point all parties are agreed.

Fortunately for the Texans, although Santa Anna is down, Bustamante is not secure in his seat. There is a strong party in Mexico determined on nationalizing the property of the Church, and restoring the Constitution of 1824. Garcia, of Zacatecas, and Gomez Farias, now in this city, are the prominent men of that party. The latter is about returning to Mexico, to take an active part in public affairs. He, you know, was Vice President for some time, and probably the most sagacious of their public men. The project is to call a National Convention, and reorganize the Government. Nothing but their distractions at home can, in my opinion, save Texas. In addition to which, it may be remarked as probable that a majority of the old inhabitants, original colonists, will still remain non-combatants, and, unless I mistake, will play their game in such a way as to save their property in the event of the Territory being overpowered. There is not now a single Mexican in favor of the independence of Texas. Mejia has gone home. Viesca is here. Coss is here, breathing vengeance; and, in short, the downfall of Santa Anna detached all his enemies from the Texian cause.

This news may probably be unwelcome to different classes of your readers. By some of them it may be discredited, because it is not told in the newspapers of this place. But it is not the less true.

The St. Louis Republican of the 7th inst. says:—"Among the *on dits* of the day is one, which we believe to be entitled to full credit, that the Representatives in Congress from Illinois have declared themselves in favor of a National Bank. They have heretofore opposed the incorporation of such an institution, but experience has taught at least one of them that such a regulator of the currency is absolutely necessary."

The Texas papers mention that Gen. Memucan Hunt has been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the United States.

Intellectual Culture.—A cultivated mind may be said to have infinite stores of innocent gratification. Every thing may be made interesting to it, by becoming a subject of thought or inquiry. Books, regarded merely as a gratification, are worth more than all the luxuries on earth. A taste for literature secures cheerful occupation for the unemployed and languid hours of life; and how many persons, in those hours, for want of innocent resources are now impelled to coarse and brutal pleasure. How many young men can be found in this city, who, unaccustomed to find a companion in a book, and strangers to intellectual activity, are almost driven in the long dull evenings of winter to haunts of intemperance, and depraving society. It is one of the good signs of the times, that lectures on literature and science are taking their place among other public amusements, and attract even more than theatres. This is one of the first fruits of our present intellectual culture. What a harvest may we hope for from its wider diffusion!

Dr. Channing.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A GOOD WIFE.

By a Henpecked Husband.

A wife domestic, good and pure,
Like snail, should keep within her door;
But not like snail, in silver track,
Place all her wealth upon her back.
A wife should be like Echo true;
Not speak, but when she's spoken to;
But not like Echo, still be heard
Contenting for the final word.
Like a town clock a wife should be,
Keep time and regularity;
But not, like clock, harangue so clear,
That all the town her voice may hear!

G. L.—The Norfolk Democrat says:—"The people have this year gone to ploughing and sowing." Very true, says the *Wheeling Times*, in reply, the people do the ploughing and sowing, while the Government does the harrowing. Next fall the Government will do the sowing; and at the next election the people will do the threshing.

A GLANCE AT HISTORY.

To the younger part of our readers it may not seem so strange that our country has been plunged from the height of prosperity to bankruptcy and ruin, as it must to those who can look back forty years, and who have seen the same experiment tried three several times, and always with the same general result. Yes three times has the same means been employed to revive business and produce a sound and equal currency, and twice has the spirit of party blinded the majority to the lessons of experience, and precipitated the country headlong upon the most disastrous experiments.

During the revolutionary war, the government finding the difficulty of managing their money affairs, incorporated what was called the Bank of North America. This bank was located in the city of Philadelphia; and was an important instrument in managing and assisting the deranged and deficient finances of the country, and bringing the war to a successful termination.

It will be recollected that this was under the confederation, which in reality had no power over the States, as was facetiously said by Trumbull in his poem of McFingal,

"What is your Congress or its end,
But a power to advise and recommend
To call for men, adjust their quota's,
And yet no soul was bound to notice."

This loose connection among the states, which had answered its purpose when they were pressed with danger, was found totally inadequate to the exigencies of the nation. The finances could not be regulated without a central government, with power to enforce its laws, nor could business among the several States and with foreign nations, be regulated by thirteen distinct legislatures.

In 1787 the present Constitution was established, and George Washington chosen President.—Thomas Jefferson was appointed Secretary of State, and Alexander Hamilton Secretary of the Treasury. An absolute necessity existed of a more extended system of finance, and Mr. Hamilton in his official report to Congress gave one of the most able and thorough views of the situation of the Treasury and currency of the nation, which was ever written; and which was the foundation of the financial system of the nation, excepting a short interval, until 1836. Mr. Hamilton considered a bank as indispensable in carrying on the money affairs of the Government, and also for the business and currency of the nation. He discussed the question whether to adopt and modify the Bank of North America, or to incorporate a new institution. He gave a preference to the latter; and Congress adopted his views, and the United States Bank was incorporated and went into operation in 1791.

The old Bank of North America had a perpetual charter under which it still claims to act, although it has long ceased to have any concern with the national government, and has also a charter from the state of Pennsylvania. The new bank was incorporated by Congress, many of the members being the same who had formed the Constitution, and received the signature of WASHINGTON, then President; which it would seem might forever settle the question of constitutionality. The party opposed to the federal administration was also opposed to the bank, it nevertheless operated like a charm in regulating the currency and improving the credit and business of the country, and fixed the reputation of Hamilton as a financier, on an immovable foundation.

In 1800 a political revolution placed the party in power who had opposed the bank, it however having a charter for twenty years, continued to perform its usual good offices for its enemies, and so admirably was its machinery adapted to the wants of the nation, that many of them gave up their opposition, and when the time arrived when its charter would expire by its own limitation, an act for its renewal passed the House of Representatives, then composed of a large majority of the democratic party and was lost in the Senate by the casting vote of George Clinton, then Vice President.

The public deposits were then placed in state banks, as they have been of late, and every measure which the friends of that plan could devise, was put in operation to give efficiency and uniformity; but all in vain; an inequality took place in the currency so that the bills current in New England were worth more than fifty per cent. more than those of those of the same denomination which were passing in some of the southern and western states; and as for specie, no banks pretended to pay it for their bills south of New England. Exchanges were deranged in proportion to the currency, and at least the government found it impossible to transmit their unequal and depreciated revenue from one part of the country to another to pay the salaries of the officers, and the interest on the public debt;—and so depreciated was the currency and credit that the country lost near three million of dollars of depreciated paper.

This disjointed and ruinous party system continued until 1816, when the whole machine fairly run down, and Mr. Dallas the Secretary gave up, and came out in favor of another National Bank. Congress composed of two thirds of the members of the democratic party, fell in with the measure, and James Madison then

President, signed the charter. It was remedied again as before, and after getting over some misadventure in the outset, was found to be one of the most efficient agencies in accomplishing the business of the Government and the nation.

Its constitutionality was thus fully recognized by both the great political parties; and among all the abuses which the Jackson administration promised to reform, if they could get into power, not a word of complaint was heard against the United States Bank. But it was soon discovered that the Bank was not to be moulded into a party machine, but true to the country and the stockholders, pursued the even tenor of its way, as a financial agent, and selected its officers on account of their acquaintance with money affairs, and not on account of their having huzza'd the loudest for Andrew Jackson.

This was not to be endured; our government had become every "simple machine," but one qualification was necessary for any office, and that was absolute devotion to the President. The bank was assailed in every message, with charges of corruption and insolvency now well known to be "false, slanderous and malicious." Still however, Congress were so well convinced of its utility, and the integrity of its officers, that they renewed its charter; but the President by his veto defeated the will of the People, and of Congress, and the charter expired in 1836.

Since that time the President has "taken the responsibility," every plan of finance has adopted without law, and then Congress dragged into acquiescence, or their decisions overruled by presidential mandates and treasury circulars.—The result has been the same as before, and what every person familiar with the fact must expect, and what was foretold, almost as exact as its history could now be written, but all to no purpose—a fatal belief in the infallibility of the President, has betrayed the nation into the same fatal errors which were experienced in 1835, aggravated by the immense increase of business and credit in the country. His intolerable blundering measures in favor of the popular humbug of an excessive specie currency, has driven almost the last dollar of specie out of circulation, and nearly deprived us of any currency at all.

It is curious to remark that the plan of finance laid down by Hamilton, and sanctioned by Washington and the sages of the revolution, has sustained itself, and the country, under the administrations of its inveterate opponents, and done good service to its enemies in spite of their exertions to destroy it. But no sooner has the limitations of the charters given the opposers opportunity to introduce their own crude notions, than in both instances distress and ruin has been the consequence, and the ship of state has been fairly run aground.

This article has been written without reference to public documents, but will be sufficiently accurate for the purpose of argument; and we hope will induce some of our young men, and even some who have felt that the only qualification for a politician was to huzzah for Jackson or to follow in the "footsteps" of the President, will pause and consider, study the history of their country, and do justice to its real friends.

These are only the real Jackson times. Till 1836 the hated bank was in operation and though crippled by the removal of the deposits did much to sustain the business and currency. Now the "better currency" has full operation, and has produced a perfect paradise for misers and shavers, and a purgatory for the common people.

Haverhill Gazette.

A Storm in a Tea Pot.—A few mad politicians—most likely fugitives from a lunatic asylum—lately held a meeting in an obscure corner of Philadelphia, and passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the more effectually to uphold the Constitutional Government of our choice, and of our love—to secure the rigid enforcing of the laws of Congress, and the orders of the Executive, either now issued, or which may hereafter be issued, &c. &c., we the sovereign people do hold ourselves ready to organize in this city and county of Philadelphia, a first volunteer legion of ten thousand men, to be as shortly as possible fully armed and equipped; the same to be called the Philadelphia United States Minute Men."

We do not doubt that they rightly call themselves "minute men"—for that time would hardly elapse in a battle before they would be among the missing. Is there an asylum in Philadelphia for the insane? If so, why are these men to go at large?

Baltimore Chronicle.

The good-tempered are always rich.—There is in Sharpe's Letters this transcript of a sign in Sweden: "You will find at Trollhatte excellent bread, meat and wine, provided you bring them with you," and there could not be a more impressive description of human life—so much depends upon the temper that events are met with, and the prudence that foresees and provides against them. The man who is never contented will never be rich, however much he may possess of this world's goods—and he who is disturbed by every trifle that does not go to meet his views, has nothing to do but fault-find from the beginning to the close of the day.

COMMUNICATION.

For the Haverhill Recorder.
Age thou art, ashamed!

The Anniversary of the American Independence, that great and glorious day on which the sages of seventy-six proclaimed to an astonished and admiring world that they were resolved to stand or fall as freemen has passed away, and in its rapid flight, it has carried home to the bosom of the Patriot deep mortification for the degeneracy of the times. He can but mourn over the condition of his country, who reflects what indifference was manifested on the part of many of our citizens towards celebrating the 4th of July. As the spirit of seventy-six exists? Shall those few revolutionary heroes who are still lingering on the stage of action as if unwilling to take their exit from among us; carry to their graves the sad tidings of man's degeneracy? Are we so averse to refuse contributing a small sum once a year to the celebration of that day that gave being to our National Independence? Have we no regard to the memory of those illustrious heroes who poured out their hearts best blood on the plains of Lexington, Concord, Saratoga, and Bunkers hill to achieve our liberty? who if it is possible are hovering over the scene pitying the disgrace and prostrate condition of their descendants. But hark! a voice cries from the tomb, it rises to the God of nature and humanity and demands revenge on such ingratitude, it conjures up the indignant wrath of the departed:—

"Ye spirits of the mighty dead,
Ye who at Brandywine and Yorktown bled,
Is there no hidden thunder, in the clouds of heaven,
Red with common wrath, to blast that soul to hell

That is indifferent to the cause of freedom?"
Nay hold, immortal spirits, hold! Launch not your thunderbolts at such a people. They will repent of their ingratitude—when they are bound by the chains that are forging for them. When some Military chieftain covered with glory, and regardless of the Laws and Constitution of our country shall erect a throne upon the ruins of this great and glorious republic. Then conscience "Tuis exult, patrie se quoque fuit," conscience will follow them with whip of scorpions and lash them to the grave. In agony and despair will they exclaim:

"Hard, hard is my fate;
Once I was happy as happy could be,
Oh! how hard is my fate, how galling these chains!"

Once there was a time when every heart beat free for American Liberty. Then the 4th of July was hailed as the Sabbath day of freedom. Its annual return was celebrated with feasting, bon fires, and illuminations. All labour was suspended, joy was depicted in the heart and countenance of every individual, and every man was seen returning thanks at the altar of our common country. Our government was then in its purity; union the tie that bound hundred souls together. We have lost that ardent and devoted attachment to liberty that was the pride of our ancestors. We little appreciate the inestimable blessings they have bequeathed to us. And, in the memorable words of the fearless Calhoun: "We have arrived at a crisis. Things cannot long remain as they are. It behoves all who love their country—who have any stake in our institutions to pause and reflect—Confidence is daily withdrawing from the General Government. Alienation is hourly going on. These will cause a state of things inimicable to the best interests of our country, and if not speedily arrested convulsions but follow, when a thick cloud will be thrown over the cause of liberty and the future prospects of our country."
S.

July the 4th.

A Spice of the Romantic.—The Baltimore Monument relates that a Lawyer from the West, married a few days since in that state, a lady with whom he had fallen in love some twenty years ago, and whom he had never seen since, until the time of the marriage. The gentleman would have married her at the time he was seized with the tender passion, but for the declaration which she one day playfully made, that she would "never marry a poor man!"

Extremed to remove this objection to him, he pushed for the West, and after twenty years hard toil, and when the lady had forgotten him, he had amassed sufficient wealth to encourage him to renew his proposal. The lady, luckily, had remained single—his proposal accepted—they were married—and on Wednesday morning last they left this city for his home in the West.

Curious Fact.—So scanty is the supply of water in Paris, that Louis Philippe has been heard to remark that he furnishes his navy with wine at Toulon, at a less cost per gallon, than the price of Seine water in the capital.

Beauties of The Law.—Among the causes in the court of common pleas at Salem, Massachusetts, the present term, is one for the value of about three dollars, in which seventy witnesses are summoned.

Application in youth makes old age comfortable.

accuracy and despatch.



From Poulson's American Daily Advertiser.
CARMEN AD BENTON.

Hungry Directors! Clerks with lengthened faces!
Merchants despairing! Operatives idle!
Nobody now smiles, save the Necromancer
Nicholas Biddle!

Where shall I turn me for a gleam of sunshine?
Kendall and Blair are scolding like the Devil!
Martin looks paler as he treads the pavement,
Down at the White House!

Now to the Whigs come those who still abuse them
Crying "you told us what would be the issue;
You who foresaw all! Tell us in your wisdom
How to get out of it!"

But the stern Whigs say—"Try your own resources!"

Back! through the mire until you reach the dry-land!

Why should we labor for the men who led us
Into the puddle?"

What can I do now! Poor deserted Poet!
Why should I draw them, though neither Whig nor Tory?

Sad is my case, when men cannot afford to
Pay for their laughing.

Closed is the Circus! Theatres are empty!
Even the North River Steam Boats are laid up now!

Nothing is doing, save by wives and children,
Fasting and Prayer!

Oh! Thou "Great Father!" "venerable Statesman!"

Look on thy Children with a little pity!
Help! or I shall, in bitterness of spirit,
Turn a Lampooner!

On the dead body of the Constitution
Ravel and batten insects without number!

Say! Shall I draw them—genera and species—
Tumble and Hum bug?

Not for my country, yet a little longer,
Patient I'll bear me up against misfortune!

Resting my pencil, lest poor Lady Freedom
Faint at the picture!

Grant! Ye Immortal! something to amuse us!
Spice of our worn coats and our empty stomachs!

If it be only—Orpheus with his Fiddle!
Long Paganini!

Ah me! Enough of "Paper" and of "Glory!"
And of "hard money" burning through our pockets!

Cease to seduce us with thy Danzaan Showers!
Jupiter Benton!

From the Fairmore's to it.

THE RISE & FALL OF FAMILIES.
(Worthy the attention of all.)

Every young man should start in life determined to act upon the motto of *Nil desperandum*, or "Don't give up the ship." Let him on commencing life, look around him and see who are wealthy, who are the influential, who are the courted and respected of society, and ask from whence they sprung. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he will find them to be those who, at his age, were possessed of as little of the world's gear, as little of family influence, and as little of any extraneous aid as he himself possesses: men who commenced the world with nothing, and whose advancement in life solely depended upon their own industry, frugality, integrity and strict attention to business. Most young men consider it a great misfortune to be poor, or not to have capital enough to establish themselves in a good business; this is a very mistaken notion; for, so far from being a misfortune to him, if he may judge from what we every day behold, it is really a blessing; for the chance is more than ten to one in favor of the success of the young man, over one who starts with plenty of money. Look back twenty years, and see who commenced business at that time with plenty of means, and trace them down to the present day; how many of them can now boast of wealth and high standing? On the contrary, how many have become poor, lost their places in society, and are passed by their once boon companions with a look which plainly says "I know you not."

In this country, the wheel of fortune is constantly turning, and he who is at zenith this year, may be at nadir next, and excite no surprise. It is seldom that the fourth, or even the third generation enjoys the property and station in society which was won by the industry and frugality of the first. This constant change is the natural result of causes in continual operation. The first generation starts in life poor, but industrious and honest; he resolves to acquire property, and at the same time sustain a character that shall command respect. By dint of long perseverance in business, and the sustenance of a high character for integrity and fair dealing, he succeeds. (such a man never fails,) and becomes wealthy. His sons succeed him, perhaps maintain the character of their father, and add to the wealth he left them—they are educated to business, and know how the property they enjoy was acquired. But their sons grow up, and from infancy find themselves in the lap of luxury, and rocked in the cradle of ease, their minds are never turned to business—that is beneath them—they are engrossed with important nothings, scorn labor; run the rounds of fol-

ly; marry light headed, fashionable ladies, who have as sovereign a contempt for laborers, and the useful things of life as themselves; dash away a few years in their carriage; lose their parents; divide their property; attempt to carry on the business; are incapable of managing it; fail; struggle to keep up appearances and their place in fashionable life; are obliged to retire; wretched and miserable at home and get through the world as well as they can, carry always the appearance of shabby gentlemen, and being looked at askance by their former companions. Their children are more miserable even than themselves, being brought up with the idea that labor is degrading, and that they are of superior order; while necessity compels them to resort to some means of getting a living. Pride and poverty are at war with them, and they drag out a miserable and precarious life.

Affairs must suffer when recreation is preferred to business.

For Sale,

A PAIR of handsome MAHOGANY TABLES. They have been little used, and very well kept. Inquire at this Office.

June 29. 76—

Cotton Yarn.

DANFORTH & McCLEISTIN, Cotton Manufacturers, at the High Falls of Haw River, Orange county, have reduced their wholesale prices for Cotton Yarn to the following rates, viz:

No. 3 and 4,	20 cents per lb.
5, 6 and 7,	22
8 and 9,	25
10 and 11,	28
12 and 13,	30
14 and 15,	34
16 and 17,	37

The Fayetteville prices given for Picked Cotton.

South Carolina Money taken at par.

DANFORTH & McCLEISTIN.
High Falls, Haw River, June 23. 76—

HILLSBOROUGH Female Seminary.

THE Summer Session of this Seminary will open on Thursday the 20th of July.

Price of Tuition—1st Class, \$17 00

2d Class, - 15 00

3d Class, - 12 00

Drawing and Painting, - 12 00

Instruction on Guitar, - 25 00

on Piano, - 25 00

Needle-work, - - - 3 00

WILLIAM M. GREEN,
Superintendent. 76—

LOOK AT THIS!!

N. C. State Lottery,

For the benefit of the Salisbury Academy,
Class No. 13, for 1837.

To be drawn in Rockingham, Richmond county, on Thursday, 20th July.

66 No. Lottery—10 Drawn Bailots.

SCHEME.

40 Prizes of 1,000 Dollars.

40 Prizes of 400 do.

40 Prizes of 200 do.

56 Prizes of 100 do.

56 Prizes of 50 do.

&c. &c. &c.

Whole Tickets, \$5 00

Halves, 2 50

Quarters, 1 25

All prizes payable in CASH, forty days after the drawing, subject to a deduction of fifteen per cent.

* Tickets for sale in the greatest variety of numbers, at my Office, one door above the store of Walker Anderson & Co., in Hillsborough, N. C.

ALLEN PARKS, Agent.

June 23. 76

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Orange County.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,
May Term, 1837.

Edmund Strudwick,

vs. John Careathers, administrator of Richard Blackwood, dec'd

Judgment.

Appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Anderson Blackwood, Richard Blackwood and Edward Blackwood, three of the children and heirs at law of Richard Blackwood, dec'd, are not inhabitants of this state: It is ordered by the Court that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder for the space of six weeks, that unless the said Anderson, Richard and Edward appear before the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for Orange County, at the court house in Hillsborough, in the state of North Carolina, on the 4th Monday in August next, and then and there show cause why the Land, of which said Richard Blackwood, deceased, died seized and possessed, should not be sold, that the said lands will be sold to satisfy the plaintiff's recovery.

J. TAYLOR, c. c. c.

Price adv. \$4 00. 76 6w

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

Orange County.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,
May Term, 1837.

Thomas Stewart and Samuel Stewart,

vs. Joseph Thompson, and others.

Petition.

Appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Samuel Stewart, John Stewart, and Charles Stewart, three of the defendants, are not inhabitants of this state: It is ordered that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder for six weeks, that unless the said Samuel, John, and Charles Stewart appear at the next term of this Court, to be held at the court house in Hillsborough, on the fourth Monday in August next, and then and there answer or demur to said petition, the petition will be taken pro confesso as to their liability to pay the debt.

J. TAYLOR, c. c. c.

Price adv. \$4 00. 76—6w

Cotton Yarns.

THE proprietor of the Mount Airy Steam Cotton Mills, has reduced the wholesale price of his Cotton Yarns to the following rates, viz:

For No. 4 and 5,	30 cents per lb.
6 and 7,	22
8 and 9,	25
10 and 11,	28
12 and 13,	30

He would also inform the public, that he has on hand a large quantity, and well assorted, for which he will receive South Carolina money at par in payment.

H. HUMPHREYS.
Greensborough, June 20. 76 2w

South Carolina Money.

I WILL receive South Carolina Bank Bills at par, for Gold and Silver.

W. T. SHIELDS, Agen.
June 8. 73—

South Carolina Notes.

NOTES of South Carolina Banks will be received by the subscribers, at par, in payment of Goods.

MICKLE & NORWOOD.
June 8. 73—

Selling off at Cost.

THE subscriber, wishing to close his present business, will offer at Cost and Charges, for Cash, his entire Stock of Goods on hand, consisting of a general assortment of

DRY GOODS,

Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery, Shoes and Hats,

AND A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF Broadcloths, Ladies' Tuscan and

Straw Bonnets, &c.;

all of which will be sold as above, or on a credit to punctual customers at his usual low prices.

He would earnestly request all those indebted to him to call and settle their respective accounts.

STEPHEN MOORE.
April 20. 66—

Notice—Taxes.

I SHALL attend at the following times and places for the purpose of collecting the Tax due for the year 1836 to wit:

Monday the 3d of July, at Jesse Durham's.

Tuesday the 4th, at John Newlin's.

Wednesday the 5th, at Rufin's Mill.

Thursday the 6th, at Michael Albright's.

Friday the 7th, at Mr. Long's.

Saturday the 8th, at Michael Holt's.

Monday the 10th, at John S. Turentine's.

Tuesday the 11th, at George Faucett's.

Wednesday the 12th, at C. F. Faucett's.

Thursday the 13th, at James Hutcheson's.

Friday the 14th, at Andrew McCauley's.

Saturday the 15th, at George A. Mebane's.

Monday the 17th, at Hillsborough.

Wednesday the 19th, at Mrs. McKee's.

Thursday the 20th, at Abner Parker's.

Friday the 21st, at William Lipscomb's.

Saturday the 22d, at James Wilkerson's.

Monday the 24th, at James Trice's.

Tuesday the 25th, at Herndon's old store.

Wednesday the 26th, at Chapel Hill.

Thursday the 27th, at Wm. H. Woods's.

The Tax Collectors appointed to receive the list of Taxables for 1837, will attend in their respective districts at the times and places above mentioned.

JAS. C. TURRENTINE, Sh'ff.
June 8. 73—

Attention!!

To the Commissioned and Non-Commissioned Officers and Musicians, belonging to the

Cane Creek Battalion in the second Orange Regiment of North Carolina Militia

YOU are hereby notified and ordered to attend at Captain George B. Morrow's, on

Thursday the 27th day of July next, at 11 o'clock, equipped as the law directs, for drill

muster and court-martial, and on Friday the 28th, at 11 o'clock, you will attend with your respective companies, armed and equipped as the law directs, for battalion exercise.

THOS. JONES, Lieut. Col.
June 13. 74—

NORTH CAROLINA JOURNAL ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE.

OWING to the intended removal of one of the Editors, and the wish of the other to devote himself more exclusively to the duties of his profession, the undersigned offer for sale the establishment of the North Carolina Journal.

The Office is well found in Job, Newspaper and Ornamental Type; the list of subscribers is tolerably large, and they doubt not, might be greatly augmented by a little exertion.

To an enterprising and energetic man in the business, it offers inducements not inferior to any in this state, but to a practical printer, they know of no investment he could make of his money that would yield him a more profitable return.

HYBART & STRANGE.
Fayetteville May 30. 74—

Land for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale the tract of Land on which John W. McCracken lately resided, containing 230 Acres. It has on it a good dwelling House, Kitchen, Work Shop, Stables, &c. Fine plantation is handsomely situated, is well watered, and is as healthy as any situation in the country, is but six miles from Hillsborough, and near the Stage Road. Those disposed to purchase are invited to view the premises. Terms will be made known on application to the subscriber.

JOHN HART.
April 20. 66—5w

Forwarding Agency.

THE subscribers inform the Merchants of the interior, that they are still engaged in the Forwarding way, and trust that with the facilities and experience they now possess in the transaction of this business, to merit the patronage heretofore conferred.

They have large Ware Houses at the river and in town, for the reception of forwarding Goods, apart from other buildings and comparative safe from fire.

WILKINGS & BELDEN,
Fayetteville

Refer to Messrs. AVE & HOLLAND, Hillsborough

April 5. 65

SPRING GOODS.

O. F. LONG & Co.

HAVE just received and now offer for sale at their old stand, their Spring supply, consisting of every variety of Goods usually kept by the merchants of this place, viz:

A large and general assortment of Dry Goods, &c.

COMPRISING Gentlemen and Boy's Summer Clothing, Printed Muslin, Gingham,

French Calico, Black and Coloured Silks, &c. &c.

ALSO Hardware and Cutlery, Shot Guns,

Hats, and Shoes, Bonnets,

Crockery, Cotton Yarn,

School Books, Stationary, &c.

All of which they will sell at the lowest prices for Cash, or on a short credit to punctual dealers only.

N. B. All persons having open accounts either on the books of R. Nichols & Co. or of O. F. Long & Co. up to the first of May, are requested to call and settle the same with cash or note, as circumstances make it absolutely necessary that their business should be settled up to that time.

May 18. 70

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the firm of HUNTINGTON & LYNCH, are requested to call and settle their respective accounts with the subscriber, as they wish to settle their business as soon as possible.

LEMUEL LYNCH.
May 4. 68—

THE subscriber has on hand a great assortment of

Jewellery, Fancy Goods, Clocks, Watches, &c. &c.

which will be sold very low.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery repaired with neatness and dispatch.

LEMUEL LYNCH.
May 4. 68—

New Monthly Magazine.

ON the 1st of July, 1837, will be published beautifully printed, on good paper, an extra large royal octavo size, and neatly stitched in a colored cover, the first number of a new periodical work, entitled

The Gentleman's Magazine.

EDITED BY William E. Burton, Philadelphia.

To whom all original communications for the work will be addressed.

The announcement of a new periodical in the present state of affairs, may create some feeling of surprise, but having contemplated an alteration in the nature of a very popular monthly publication, "Every Body's Album," the proprietors deem it best to proceed in the perfected arrangement, and produce a periodical embodying the most wholesome points of the old work, but conducted with sufficient energy and talent to insure the success of their new arrangements. The respectable and extensive subscription list of the Album, to which this work is designed as a successor, will at once place the Gentleman's Magazine in a circulation equal to that of any other monthly work in the United States, and guarantee the continuance of its publication, with the certainty of payment to the enterprise of the proprietors.

The contents of the Gentleman's Magazine will, in every respect, be answerable to the meaning of the title. We do not pretend, in our literary pursuits, to fly as "eagles soar, above the ken of man," nor shall we be content with merely skimming the surface of the ground; our pages will not be filled with abstract predilections, nor shall we display the brilliancy of our critical acumen in matters "caviare to the million." In short, we do not mean to be profoundly learned, nor philosophically dull. We wish to produce a gentlemanly agreeable book—an epitome of life's adventures—a literary mélange, possessing variety to suit all palates, and sufficient interest to command a place upon the parlour table of every gentleman in the United States.

In the varied and ample range of contents attached to each number of the Gentleman's Magazine, original articles will be found, from some of the most celebrated writers of the day. Essays, humorous and didactic—Graphic delineations of Men and Manners—Free and spirited translations of the lighter portions of the literature of continental Europe—A series of original Biographical Notices of the principal stars in the Dramatic hemisphere. The current literature will be revised in full, and liberal extracts made from rare and valuable works. An original copy right Song—not otherwise to be obtained—will be given, with the music, in every number.

The Gentleman's Magazine will contain seventy two extra sized octavo pages, of two columns each, forming, at the close of the year, two large handsome volumes of one thousand seven hundred and twenty eight columns, each volume containing one third more than an octavo page of average proportions. Several Engravings will be given in the course of the year, and the proprietors pledge themselves that the Gentleman's Magazine shall be the largest and the cheapest monthly work issued in the United States.

To induce subscribers to forward their names immediately, the publisher begs leave to offer the following extra inducements for Clubbing, the advantages of which proportion can remain in force for a few months only. The subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine will, for a single copy, be invariably three dollars per annum, payable in advance—but a five dollar bill will produce two copies to the subscriber, or a club of ten dollars will command five copies.

All letters, postage paid, addressed to Charles Alexander, Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia, will meet with the earliest attention.

June 21. 75—

A few Barrels of Good FAMILY FLOUR,

for sale by MICKLE & NORWOOD.

June 1. 72—3w

Blanks for sale at this Office.

LOOK AT THIS!



LATIMER & MEBANE,

HAVE just received from New York and Philadelphia, and now offer for sale, the largest and best assortment of

Rich and Fashionable DRY GOODS

ever offered in this market; amongst which are almost every article of

STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS,

ALSO Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Hats and Shoes,

besides many other articles too tedious to mention. The Goods were principally purchased with cash, and will be sold low for the same.

LATIMER & MEBANE.

Cash will be given for 5600 bushels of Wheat.

September 6. 35—

Female School